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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1849. WHOLE NO. 1459.

Original Poetry.

FLOWER VERSES.

[Mr. Editor—I have written several little poems for the Misses of our village school—what say your service.
SOPHIA W. LLOYD.]

THE ROSE.

Roses, roses! let them grow,
Thickly clustering all around;
Other flowers must decrease, but we
Rise the rose shall most abound.
Planted by the garden walk,
Climbing to the window seat,
Growing close beside the door,
Roses beautiful and sweet.

VIOLET.

There's a lonely little flower,
Found in every leafy bower,
Shyening up beneath your feet,
Almost in the very street.
In the grass it hides its head,
Creeps around the border bed,
Yet may crush its tiny cell,
In your morn and evening walk.
But you love its eye of blue,
Sparkling in the pearly dew.
And its name can scarce forget
To the humble violet.

SNOW-DROP.

Harbinger of early spring,
From the grovard awakening,
Ere another flower would dare
Breathe the cold and chilly air,
Thou hast caused thy little head
From its cold and wintry bed,
Like a messenger to say,
Winter soon hath passed away.
And we love thy presence well
Little snow-drop, thou dost tell,
Welcome spring hath come again,
Spreading verdure o'er hill and plain.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

Coming with the early June,
Little flower of freckled hue,
How we love thy form to view,
All the long warm summer through
Many a bosom is adorned
By your beauty's garland,
Growing in the garden ground;
But we will not pluck you,
With its bright and watery eye,
Thou shalt have a favorite spot,
Lovely blue Forget-Me-Not.
[For Blondell. N. Y

Pictures of Life.

THE DARK CHAMBER.

Not very long ago there dwelt at Rosedale, a county seat of Massachusetts, one of the portliest, merriest maidens, Phebe Morris by name, that ever danced upon the green sward, or made the acceptible hearts of a quiet pastoral and agricultural village. The neatest, smartest, handiest fairy maid in the county of Middlesex, was Phebe Morris. At such dire confusion, heartbreakings, and hallooings as were occasioned by her extreme agitation on the day of form, that Farmer Goldsby would frequently throw on to discharge her if she did not immediately cease playing the cymbals. To all whom the good-humored physician Phebe would decidedly reply, "Don't be a fool, father, you know I can't help it, and you used Nerve Hair Invigorator yourself, and you know it has done you no good." No. 264 N. Thirteenth st. Phebe Morris was the only daughter of the late Dr. Morris, of Rosedale, and was the joy of his life. Her mother died when she was but a little tiny crop of hair flying about her head.

Phebe sagely retorted, and the result was a more vehement quarrel than before; and they at last separated, both swearing a fixed determination never to see or think of each other again. After striding angrily to the end of the long lane in which they had been standing, William Bayfield turned round, half-repentingly, just at the moment, as if fortune would have it, that Edward Gaythorpe the same had been observing the pair from the corner of the clumpet lane, joined his shoulder, and officiously walked by her side as she proceeded homewards. Her sad eyes were swollen and with tears, and she replied only by curt monosyllables to the soothing blandishments of the young farmer. Of this poor Bayfield was momentarily conscious; he saw only the ill-timed, suspicious reassure, and, his heart overflowing with rage and grief, strode hastily away towards the village. Instead of proceeding to his own dwelling, he entered (a most unusual thing for him to do, especially in the daytime) the parlor of the tavern of the place, and seating himself in the parlor, called loudly for brandy and water.

It unfortunately happened that Sergeant Crump, a zealous "—ruling officer in the service of the Honorable Kast India Company, and soldiering as trumpeter of the manifold virtues, civil and military, of that distinguished corporation, was, at the moment of Bayfield's entrance, lecturing the two or three persons present upon the brilliant advantages proffered by his late Honorable employers to all brave spirits desirous of obtaining fame and fortune, glory and promotion, where alone such undesirable articles could, in the present stagnant state of the world, be with certainty attained—namely, in the delightful district of the East? The magnificent scenery of the sergeant, but not glowing as it was, altogether failed of kindling the cold clerks to any pathetically addressed; and he would probably have soon ceased his taunting in despair, had not his practised eye discerned the latent contempt of the new corner indications of a state of mind extremely favorable to the proper reception of his exulting eloquence. He consequently persevered; and by the time William Bayfield had penned the third tumbler of brandy and water down his throat—he could hardly be said to drink the liquor—had the satisfaction of perceiving that he was listened to with a sort of moody cooperation and half-acquiescence. As it was quite out of the question that a man in the condition of William Bayfield would, whatever his present liking might prompt, think seriously of enlisting, a night's rest, and two or three pounds in his pocket, money much more probably have terminated the affair, when, just as the sign was at its highest, Edward Gaythorpe entered the room. It required but this to raise the excitement of the new servant to downright ferocity. Furious oaths and menaces were quickly exchanged. Bayfield sprang wildly up, seizing at the same time, and nearly upsetting the table on which stood his half-filled jug; while Gaythorpe, with a sneer at moody desperation and half-acceptance, had approached the sergeant, but not glowing as it was, altogether failed of kindling the cold clerks to any pathetically addressed; and he would probably have soon ceased his taunting in despair, had not his practised eye discerned the latent contempt of the new corner indications of a state of mind extremely favorable to the proper reception of his exulting eloquence. He consequently persevered; and by the time William Bayfield had penned the third tumbler of brandy and water down his throat—he could hardly be said to drink the liquor—had the satisfaction of perceiving that he was listened to with a sort of moody cooperation and half-acceptance, if not approval. More liquor was called for, and finally Bayfield, influenced by more or less of all of these motives, at length consented to enlist.

Such a catastrophe had not occurred in quiet Rosedale since the days of Shays's rebellion, or earlier, and now was the turmoil and the tossing to and fro of the bewildered mind of that small community. Several days elapsed, and nothing was heard of Bayfield, thoroughly sobered by the tragic consequences of his folly, and bitterly mortified by the entire contabulary of the place in the secret history of his enlistment, and of his sudden departure.

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Phebe Morris, meanwhile, had been in deep and secret sorrow for the loss of her lover. Her father, exasperated at the quarrel, and at the loss of his assistant

talk. It is a singular fact in the history of this nation, that they are very much reduced in flesh, and are more commonly known in this country by the name of gophers.

37. Q.—What portion of the year is the navigation of the Mississippi river obstructed by ice, or is it open for navigation at all seasons of the year?

A.—Most rivers remain in the year, or at least that is the case with Black River, which is by my own hand of 1838,) made navigable as far as Chillicothe, though it is not so far navigable by nature. It is found to be navigable so far as boats, keels, skiffs, by low, new steamboats it is perfectly dry in the summer, and frozen up in the winter; and of a low-laying people, it will no doubt be navigable when the law is made so far as to Elkhorn, and further than that I think it impossible to go. Considerable vessels do much by rain, inasmuch as our largest steamboats are thoroughly sold at shortly sale.

Those are also many private mules, both on steamboats, keel and flat boats, and on the Ohio and Mississippi, and lower down.

38. Q.—What mode of travelling in the West would be most convenient and economical, and what affect sufficient time for inquiries and observations as one is making collection of a location near some of the Atlantic States, and moved by railroad over around the Mountains as far as St. Louis?

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A.—I would advise you by all means not to bear yourself and family up, in the manner proposed, as it might severely affect your health; and as to economy, it would be saving in the manner of fare. If you had plenty of money, and the landlords knew it, would cost you all you had with you. If you were poor and had not the money, it would not cost so much, and you would have to do as others do, run, hook, log and slide.

36. Q.—If you know or think of any other matter that would be interesting to immigrants, please to state in your answer. As I may be solicited to inquire, on the perusal of such a letter, " What is the fellow 2" It may not be amiss to state to you that the writer was formerly a merchant, several years an editor, and is now retired in the profession of law. He has a wife and one daughter, 2 young women; and fourteen, as far as he is personally concerned in these inquiries, of accounts, account, land, locating and thrifty town possessing an extensive view, with a moral, religious, and liberal community, good taverns, hyceums, schools, &c., &c., where he could practice law, or conduct a paper, or both; but has no wish to participate in party politics. Or where he could unite with his professional business that of a small farm, if necessary.

Do you know a Mrs. Adams? I have no personal acquaintance with her myself, but believe she lives in Jacksonville.

A.—There are many other matters and things which would be interesting to you. There is a great want of them in this country, inasmuch as we are so much attached with one, and those who have come at all, are in a condition nearly penniless, and if you can by any possible device relieve us, for mercy's sake do so.

I would also like to state, for the benefit of those interested, that there are many in this country who are broken mercantile, or mechanic, lawyers, preachers, and some runaways of all descriptions, who are too proud and lazy to work, and ashamed to beg, who are compelled to cheat, lie and steal, in order to keep out and body together, and that a large portion of the community are composed of the honorable class of citizens (which seemed to have mostly emigrated from section, called Yankee, of which, as St. Paul says of sinners, "I am Chief," though I say it myself. And I am authorized and instructed by the Lower Club in that place, to say that should you conclude to come here, we will receive you with open arms, and if you have a horse or out of every progress you have in the world in less than twenty-four hours we will have stolen or ridden you into the mystery of living without money and labor. And should you at any time forsake your many more inhabitants about this country, I will most cheerfully give it to you.

You could, I think, find such a place as you describe in the middle of the great prairie, the country being healthy, level and elevated, and possessing in extensive a view as desirable. And it is probable that if ever you have any neighbors, they would be more, &c., and you might open a tavern, which you could endeavor to keep well and in good order. You might also have a corner and have a Lyceum, in which you could discuss both sides of any subject which might be brought up: and as for practicing law, I have been at it the ten years, that is, I have been sued in every court during that time. You could also carry on a farm, or the I think the very place for you as in the very south of the Great Prairie.

As respects Mrs. Adams, I am in the same predicament with yourself. I have no personal acquaintance with her: but she certainly stands well by reputation: and if you want to know who I am, I refer you to her.

31. Q.—What number of people, who went from Maine, so far as you can judge, do you suppose would return two hundred miles of Kendall?

Now, say, I am fully sensible that it is much easier to ask than to answer questions—but no man has a right to expect unpaid answers to such a long string of interrogatories, many of which affect not only general and qualified answers, and even such could not be given without considerable reflection and inquiry. But presuming that you are a gentleman, who feels an interest in the prosperity of the State in which you reside, and a disposition to accommodate any one making inquiries of that nature, I trust that you will excuse the liberty have taken, and favor me with as early a reply as circumstances will permit. Should your answers to my arguments be such as to prevent an answer, please hold this letter as your intelligent friend who will perform the service.

I am, dear sir, very respectfully yours,

CHARLES LOWELL.

A.—At to question thirty-first, I do not know of but one man from Maine living within two hundred miles of here on Rock River, and he lives and lives there.

And now, my dear sir, I have endeavored to answer your inquiries respecting our happy country, and I hope my efforts have been successful. But if you should want any more information respecting it, I will be most happy to give it to you, if it is in my power. In conclusion, allow me to give you some advice, or at least make a suggestion. Your life would be no inconsiderable lightning before in Florida, than in this country, if you were here to select and to see many things that you cannot in your letter. We have a mortal antipathy to gentlemen, Mormons, Yankees, and men without money: and if you were to come here, you would in this country, I would advise you to come and examine it yourself. And I do hope, my dear sir, that you will review here in the course of next summer, and allow me to say to you that we will receive you with open arms and endeavor to make some other place for your future home and abiding place, I have no doubt but that the whole town will welcome you in the same manner, and clasp you out of all you have, and that you will not return the lower and agree more than three hundred and sixty-four days out of three hundred and sixty-five, and that as long as you remain here, you will have a great advantage to the country.

I now wish to ask some few questions of you, which I will thank you to answer as soon as convenient. What would be the population of a town and under the Atlantic, from Ellsworth to Rockford, England, and how long would it take to construct one?

How many pine trees do you think there are in the State of Maine, including the Disputed Territory, and how many feet of lumber would they make, and what would it be worth both at home and abroad?

How many potatoes are there in Maine, more especially in Ellsworth, at the time, and what would you confidently think there will be five years hence?

I have on hand about five million cheese in the grape-vine system, a new system of grape-vine, and if common of a new mode of arranging the grape-vines without spitting or the heads, which we would like to dispose of. Can you recommend any one in Ellsworth whom I could make an agent in this matter? The price per sheep a two fifty cents, or three pops at $50 each, or the same proportion at even sheep.

How far do you think it is from Ellsworth to Jacksonville or Rock Island, and how far is it from Jacksonville or Rock Island to Ellsworth?

How far is it from Ellsworth to Bangor and Augusta, and how far is it back again?

Also, how far is it from Ellsworth to the nearest part of the Disputed Territory, as a straight line, and how far as a crooked one?

What is the size and breed of hogs about Ellsworth, and what do you call a good one? Also, what do you call a good

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1869.

CHOLERA.

Dr. Cartwright, late of Natchez, now of New Orleans, a physician of considerable celebrity, writes as follows respecting the Cholera:

New Orleans, May 14, 1849.

Dear Sir:—Your favor of the 27th of April, has just been received. In reply to your inquiries, whether the symptoms of the present visitation are with those of 1833, I answer, they do. The disease is the same—the same symptoms, and the same variety of symptoms observed in the epidemic of '32 and '33, are found in the present. The symptoms vary in different places, and often in the same family—some have cramps, others not. Most of the cases are characterized by vomiting and purging, and diarrhea at the same time; some regard in their prognosis, others alow. In general, there is no feeling of intoxication when the diarrhea begins.

It is only after the system has been robbed of much of its watery fluids by the diarrhea, that the cerebral symptoms appear—such as want of sleep, delirium, and finally coma, and death from loss of blood. The patient is then lulled into a fatal security because the pain has ceased, not knowing that he has only premonitory symptoms, which may end in cholera or not. The nerve line in feeling is for practical purposes, after the first few symptoms, requiring a milder or different treatment from the simple Cholera.

The disease consists in a *pouring out* of the contents of the alimentary canal into the alimentary canal, and a filtering of the watery parts of the blood from the extremities of the capillary arteries. Besides this diarrhetic exudation the disease has begun. The absorbents or some of them have poured back the fluid poured out upon the serous or raw water matter that is thrown out by the diarrhea. How soonsome than to call the diarrhea a symptom might appear to them it is really a secondary effect of a prior diseased action, of the disease itself.

To cure the cholera *sine qua non of success*, the pouring back process must be encouraged in the gums, ovaries, stimulants, &c., may check it for a while, and nature may re-establish the natural course of the circulation in the absorbents; but there is no security that she will do so, unless the fluids be discovered to flow in the natural direction to work. When we act on the skin by inducing perspiration, we make the absorbents do the necessary canal, hungry for fluids. A *soothing sup* instead of *pouring land* action is established in them. The secretory system remains in the latent and a cured at once by establishing the former. Fluids in the body are of two kinds—those that go into directions at the same time. Hence a diarrhea from a suppressed perspiration, when it is not simply a secondary effect of a prior diseased action, of the disease itself.

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The liver is torpid in cholera. When the liver acts the natural course of the abdominal circulation is restored. The blood, which has been poured through the liver is restored, we must act on the skin. We should act on the liver to restore the natural course of the circulation of blood through the abdominal viscera. This should be done in connection with the skin. But we can act on the skin in five minutes, which will answer every purpose, and give, at least a more rapid action than we have been more sincerely regretted. Indeed, a pessimist would hardly have been seated, in life, public or private—for the extent of Lady Blessington's acquaintance included most men of every description, quality, character, rank and creed, was without a parallel. Her friends were exceedingly choice—but, once admitted to her intimacy, they never appeared to think that they could possibly be out of it. Her house was a circle of mourners, at this moment, in which there is more grace, more distinction, and more high-bred ease, than in the whole of the aristocratic circle. Her drawing-room was the resort of the most eminent literary characters and authors, artists, actors, musicians, beauties and fashionables of the day. Her table, her cellars and purse—have removed, with tears at the loss of the heart, the first intelligence of her friends.

The deceased will have a biographer—no doubt of that—and, from the pen of a friend, who revered her friendship as ultimately, perhaps, for the last ten years of her life, as any other man, who knew her best, and so was most likely to know, informs a task no alternately his own. Without such a biography as this, we shall have, on the other hand, of this remarkable woman, we may expect to have a true picture of the high enjoyment of her frank, accompanied with such a sketch of her qualities of mind and heart as will enable us to form a just estimate of the gifts and the privileges of enjoying, enables us easily to draw.

Of her early life, this writer says little, save that it was a woman of genius, in the creative sense of the word, and that something like the wonderful kindness of the caste she had removed, but declined to accept it, on the ground that it would be placed in any position where she might, by the continued exercise of her talents, be enabled to live as she preserved in this to the end of her life, a few relatives and one or two intimates of her matrimonial connection, but she had no family ties to call her home. When usual with her last illness, she had the best medical advice that could be used by hospital physicians or Gardener.

Family as a portion of Lady Blessington's life was, in her time, who did so many actions of kindness to others, and who, in her dependent circumstances, was so beneficently and largely instrumental for the happiness of others, should be used to bequeath her own upon her destiny, with her beauty, her fascination and her boundless influence over all men who came within the range of her fascinating power.

Shortly after the gentlemen opposite was in the act of drawing the fish over to him. "Hold on, sir," cried the lady, "you are taking my fish!" "I have you to know that that paddling a person and fish!" while at the same moment he held up to be his now and made many gruntings with his head in the most wonderful manner. The lady fainted, feeling that a joke had been practised upon her. "Private wire, eh!"

The attention of the table being attracted during the latter scene, the gentleman seated next on a fit of laughter, and rose for the purpose, whispered from one to the other. The thing took but little to the discover such his compliments; and our "green eye" soon became as merry as a cricket. Meringue, as it should be, was handed around to the gentlemen and said: "Well, old boy, you can't take that one in with your wife." However, with a scowl, "that's private pudding." And he relapsed himself.

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Southern Lunacy.—Columbia, in Georgia, has some twelve manufacturing establishments, with a capital of $1,000,000. There are also a flour mill and a saw mill, employing in all about 400 hands, and a cotton gin with a capital of $100,000. There are also a female academy, a male academy, and a high school. The population is about 3,000, and is increasing rapidly. Columbia is a healthy place, and, as a consequence of all this, the town is one of the best off in the State.

Confederate Union.—The Free Soil State Committee, of New York, have accepted the proposition of the Democratic Committee, to unite with the Democratic and Free Soil parties. The Convention is to meet at Rome on the 11th of August, and to nominate candidates for Governor.

Canal Commissioner.—J. A. Gamble, of Lycoming, has been nominated by the Democrats of Pennsylvania for Canal Commissioner. The vote stood on the last ballot—Gamble 76, Bullock, of Erie, 37. Potter, of Philadelphia, 15.

Two persons one hundred and thirty two years old, named Joseph Hall and Mary Hall, were married in Lancaster county, Pa., recently, on the table of the Indian House of Commerce, asking the government to promote the present for settling a controversy by arbitration.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philada. Prices.—The offerings of Beef Cattle at the Avenue Drove Yards, this week, are large, and prices have declined 1@2c. per lb. Extra sold from $8 to 8 75@9 00 lb. Three hundred head of Western sold at $7 50@8 00; and 100 head at $7 25@7 50. Two hundred and fifty head of Penna. sold at $7 50@8 00; and 100 head at $7 25@7 50. Four hundred and fifty head of Penna. sold at $7 50@8 00; and 100 head at $7 25@7 50. Two

Selected Poetry.

BERTRAND DE BORN.

BY MRS. HOARE.

[Henry the Second, harassed by the continued rebellion of his oldest son Henry, at length went over with an army to France, in order to put down an insurrection which the young Prince had raised among his vassals at Guienne. Bertrand de Born, Lord of Hautefort, was a noble equally celebrated for his poetic talent as a troubadour, and his valor as a warrior. He warmly espoused the cause of young Henry, and accompanied him to the Castle of Martel, whither he had retired on hearing of his father's approach. The King encamped at Turenne, and hostilities had already commenced, when a messenger arrived at the English camp, bearing tidings that Prince Henry was dangerously ill, and longed to see his father, and receive his forgiveness before he died. Henry, however, had so often been deceived by his rebellious son, that he believed this to be a stratagem, and refused to visit the Castle of Martel. In a day or two the Prince died, and Bertrand de Born, dreading the King's vengeance, fled to his Castle of Hautefort, and prepared to hold it out against the English. After an obstinate siege, it was at length reduced, and Bertrand was taken and led bound into the presence of Henry. The King was about to pass sentence of death on him, when Bertrand in a few touching words spoke of the love which the dead Prince had ever borne him, and the monarch, bursting into tears, pardoned the Lord of Hautefort, and, for the sake of his son, restored to him all his honors and possessions.]

Why do the island banners gleam, the island knights advance,
Mid strains of warlike minstrelsy, across the plains of *France*?
The island host lies camp'd within the walls of old Turenne,
And forth they sally to the fight, who never fight in vain.
The hall was draped with banners, and there a throne was set
For the haughtiest King of England's line, Henry Plantagenet.
He sate him down in silence, his nobles standing by—
And they that knew him well might mark strange troubles in his eye.

His cold stern lip was quivering, his furrow'd cheek was pale,
His brow was dark with the shade it wore when he listed the fearful tale,
How vengeance muttered, half conceived, was fully wreak'd the while,
And proud A'Becket weltering lay in Canterbury's isle.

An English Knight came spurring fast, he rush'd into the hall:
"Good news?" he cried, "my liege, I bring from Hautefort's ruin'd wall.
The strong-barr'd gates are batter'd down, the citadel is ta'en;
Our soldiers forced their bloody way o'er pyramids of slain.

"And there within the Donjon, at bay, and fighting still,
We seized the traitor Bertrand, and bound him at our will.
Without he waits thy sentence—will it please my liege to see
The rebel Lord in life, or shall we bear his head to thee?"
"Bring him in hither," said the King, "I fain would see him near,
Who dared to raise his arm in fight, spurning our Kingly fear."
They led the sword-reft prisoner in, his stalwart limbs bound tight;
The dust they scatter'd on his head had dimm'd its golden light.

His fearless eye look'd up, and still an untamed fire was there,
His proud lips moved, yet sent they forth no utterance of prayer;
He bent no knee in reverence, there stood that prison'd Knight,
As proud as when his cuirass gleam'd and falchion waved in fight.
Firm and few the words he spake, and yet they touch'd a string
That thrill'd the parent-stricken heart of England's mighty King;
A chord whose plaintive tones broke forth erewhile by Judah's son:
"Would God I had died for thee, my son, would I had died for thee!"

"Thou art the monarch, Sire," he said, "of fair and wide domains!
Thy hosts have scaled the craggy hills, and plough'd the level plains;
Thy voice that summon'd to the fight made many a dwelling lone;
Thou hast ta'en away the Peasant's child—canst thou bring back thine own?
Thy son whom once thou loved'st so well, thy first-born son lies low;
No brother watch'd beside his couch, no father smooth'd his brow.
I only held him in my arms till death's dark fight was woo;
I only heard his last faint words—'Father, forgive thy son!'"

A strange thing is a parent's heart—the words that Bertrand spake
Were strong to move the old man's soul, as breezes stir a lake.
The steel-clad bosom sternly heaved, the cold clear eye was wet,
Of him who never quail'd in fight—Henry Plantagenet.
And soft sad memories awoke of the blessed far-off time
When his boy was in his infancy, and he was in his prime.
Could the bold rebel that had turn'd to gall his cup of joy,
Have been indeed the gladsome child, the darling fair-hair'd boy,
That rode his squire-led war-horse, that waved the mimic brand,
And kiss'd his father's bearded lip, and clasp'd his mailed hand?

Now, now the loving lips are closed, never to speak again,
Never to say, "Forgive me, father—shall thy child plead in vain?
And pardon him who serv'd me, better than words can tell;
He sinn'd 'gainst thee, my gracious sire, loving thy son too well!"
Such thoughts pass'd through the Monarch's breast, and gently then he spake:—
"Bertrand de Born, I pardon thee, for my dead Henry's sake.
Take back thy castle—take thy sword, but wield it not in strife
Against thy King, who gives thee now thy liberty and life."

He said, and low the Norman Lord bent down his haughty brow
That heart the death-stroke might not break was sway'd by kindness now.
They cut the bonds that held his arms, and as he grasp'd his sword,
"Oh! would," he cried, "that my dead lord could hear the blessed word!
He was a falcon, soaring high on proud but erring wing;
He did not know his father's heart, I did not know my King.
Would he could stand before thee now, and bend a suppliant knee,
And say, 'Kind sire, I render here my life and love to thee!'
But he is gone, and I can nought but offer thee my part,
My sword, my vassals, and withal true fealty of heart,
As I have served thy princely son, I fain would serve thee now:
God grant that merrie England's crown may long rest on thy brow!"

Selected Sketch.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

I am reminded, by a recent article in the Journal, of the single combats which in former times were wont to defile the green turf of my native island. Of course I need not name that island: the two simple ideas of "fighting" and "green" will infallibly suggest to the least logical intellect in Great Britain a compound one representing the locality intended. But although the progress of civilisation in my country has, through many painful causes, been woefully retarded, yet there is some comfort in reflecting that the enormity of duelling may now be classed among the things that "have been, and are not." I will, however, for the amusement of my readers, relate the history of an affair of honor which took place in a district of Munster, some sixty or seventy years ago.

Albeit, a wild locality, so far as the natural features of the landscape were concerned, yet the vicinity of Barnagore, as, for the double reason of concealment and euphony, I shall call it, was a tolerably peaceable place, viewed with respect to its inhabitants. Barring the occasional beating of a tithe-proctor, or ducking of a Sheriff's officer, the country for miles around the village which gave it a name was singularly free from Agrarian outrage. The land was divided into moderately-sized estates, each supporting the hospitable mansion of a country gentleman, with his good-natured wife, and their handsome rollicking progeny. During a long series of years various intermarriages had taken place between the several families; so that, at the time I write of, there was scarcely an individual of note in the country who would not claim cousinship with each and every one of his neighbors.—One gentleman there was, however, who was wholly unconnected with the magnates of the district. He was a Mr. Fooks, a rich old bachelor residing in a very pretty cottage close to the boundary hedge of a large estate which had lain for some time unoccupied. The dwelling of Mr. Fooks stood in the midst of a beautifully cultivated pleasure ground, a wilderness of sweets, where the emerald turf of the lawn was soft, and rich, and smiling, as though it lay in the heart of England's sunny Hampshire. A kind man was Mr. Fooks; beloved by the squires, with whom he never quarrelled, when, in the heat of the chase, following the hounds in full cry after Reynard, they trampled his harvest-fields. He was beloved by them, I say, notwithstanding his uniform desertion of the dining room after the first magnum of claret had gone its rounds; a grievous dereliction from the rules of good-fellowship, which would not have been easily pardoned in any one else; but Mr. Fooks was a privileged man, and, as the ladies were wont to remark, "it was really a comfort to feel sure of having one gentleman steady on his legs in the drawing room, so that one might venture to give him a cup of coffee without the chance of having half of it spilled on one's best satin."

With the young people he was an especial favorite. No better partner in "Sir Roger de Coverley," or merrier opponent in the game of "Matrimony," could be found in the entire county; while his skill in making "hurleys" for the boys, and carving wooden babies for the girls, secured for him a widespread popularity among the rising generation. By common consent he was known in the neighborhood as "Holy Fooks;" and this epithet was bestowed not in ridicule, but as a sincere acknowledgment of his singularly blameless and useful life. Perhaps it was also meant to commemorate a peculiarity in his character—he was never known to fight. From the tithe-proctor whom he hospitality entertained and regularly paid—an unprecedented line of conduct, which caused that much enduring man to exclaim, "Sure Barnagore would be a heaven upon earth if every man in it was like Holy Fooks"—from the tithe-proctor down to the urchins whom he often caught snaring hares or cutting sticks in his wood, he never abused or quarrelled with any one. Yet Holy Fooks was no coward; that the poor widow at the mill could testify, whose fair-haired boy he saved from drowning by jumping into the mill-pond at the imminent risk of his life. And when Tom Maloney's house was burned, who but Holy Fooks could be found to tread the falling floor; and while with one hand clinging to the blackened rafters, with the other to so so in succession three children, and hand them safely to those outside? Mr. Fooks, in short, was that, I grieve to say, anomalous character in Ireland—*a brave good man who would not fight!*

The estate which bounded his had lain, I have said, for some time unoccupied; but at length a tenant for it appeared in the person of a professed duellist from Tipperary, who, having made even that fiery locality too hot to hold him, and possessing as much money as impudence, resolved to settle at Barnagore, and break fresh ground among its quiet inhabitants. Tom Magennis, for such was his name, had not long been settled in his new residence ere he managed to establish several "very pretty quarrels" with his neighbors. He was an unerring shot, seldom failing to kill his man at any number of paces, and was as prone to take offence as the infamous Fighting Fitzgerald. He challenged one young gentleman for accidentally touching him with his whip as they were leaping together across a stream while following the hounds. All attempts at a reconciliation were rejected by the scornful bully: they met; and an hour afterwards a fine lad, the hope of his house, was carried home a lifeless corpse.

The neighboring gentlemen tried to send Magennis to "Coventry," but it would not do; he was a man of good family, and contrived to maintain his position in society literally at the point of the sword. Every one wished him away, but who was to "bell the cat?"

It happened that a small field belonging to Mr. Fooks lay next the upper corner of Magennis's lawn, to which the latter wished to have it annexed; he accordingly wrote a letter, couched in a very high and mighty style, requiring his pacific neighbor to sell him the piece of ground in question. A polite reply in the negative was returned; and Magennis, boiling with rage at having his will opposed, hastened to seek an interview with Mr. Fooks. He found that gentleman seated in his pleasant parlor surrounded by his books; and after the first salutations had passed, Magennis began abruptly:—

"Mr. Fooks, am I to understand from your letter that you refuse to let me have the lawn field?"

"Certainly, sir: I have no intention whatever of parting with it."

"But I tell you I want it, and have it I will."

"I should be sorry," said Mr. Fooks, mildly, "to disoblige a neighbor; but I am sure Mr. Magennis will see the impropriety of pressing the matter further, when I repeat that I am quite determined not to sell the field."

"You wont sell it?"

"No, sir."

"Then," said Magennis, with a fearful imprecation, "if you don't give me the field, you shall give me *satisfaction*; and maybe I'll find your 'heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns' easier to deal with than yourself."

A quiet smile passed over the countenance of Fooks.

"Do you mean, Mr. Magennis, that you wish me to fight a duel?"

"Certainly: name your friend, and I'll send mine to meet him."

"I am not much versed in these matters," said Fooks; "but I believe, as the challenged party, I have a right to select the weapons and the place of meeting?"

"Oh, certainly; nothing can be fairer. Choose what you like, my boy: the sooner the better." And the bully rubbed his hands with delight at the prospect of slaying another man.

"Then," said Mr. Fooks, "I wish to dispense entirely with seconds, to fight on horseback, and to arrange that each of us can come armed with whatever weapons we may choose. Let the place of meeting be the wide common between the school-house and the mill; the time twelve o'clock to-morrow; and let him who is first driven off the field be declared vanquished."

"Queer arrangements as ever I heard," said Magennis. "Why, my good fellow, don't you know that if I come armed with a long sword, and mounted on my hunter Highflyer, I'll ride you down and spit you like a lark before you can say Jack Robinson? However, that's your look-out, not mine; so of course I agree to what you propose, and have the honor to wish you a very good-morning."

He then walked away, marvelling much at the coolness of his antagonist, and thinking what fun he would have on the morrow. Every one he met was told of the jest, and invited to witness the combat. Great was the consternation caused by the news throughout Barnagore.

"To think," said Mr. Penrose, one of the chief landed proprietors, "that our own honest Holy Fooks, who would not willingly offend a worm, is to be slaughtered by this scoundrel: it mustn't be. I'll go to him, and offer to fight in his stead."

Accordingly, he repaired to the dwelling of Mr. Fooks, and found that gentleman as tranquilly occupied with his books as when he was visited by Magennis in the morning.

"A bad business, this, Fooks," said Mr. Penrose—"a very bad business. Why, man rather than you should meet Magennis I'll fight the rascal myself."

"Thank you, my friend," replied Mr. Fooks: "I feel most grateful for your kindness; but since Mr. Magennis has chosen to take causeless offence, I have resolved to give him the meeting he desires. Perhaps," he added, smiling, "the result may be better than you expect."

"Oh, my dear Fooks," said his friend, "don't, I beseech you, build on *that*. The fellow is a regular assassin, and if he had his deserts, would long since have gained promotion at the hangman's hands. However, there will be a score or two of your friends on the ground to see fair play, and have satisfaction from him for your death."

With this somewhat equivocal piece of consolation, and a hearty shake of the hand, Mr. Penrose took leave of his friend, who, during the remainder of the day, stayed within doors, and declined seeing any visitors. On the following morning a large concourse of people, including, indeed, nearly every inhabitant of the parish, assembled on the common to witness the approaching combat. Long and loud were the lamentations of the poorer people, who had experienced much kindness from Mr. Fooks, at the fate which awaited him; while the deepened tones and darkened looks of the gentlemen testified their sympathy with him and their abhorrence of his antagonist. Precisely at twelve o'clock Magennis appeared on the field, mounted on a splendid blood-horse: a dagger was stuck in his belt, and he brandished an enormous two-edged sword in his hand. He cast a scornful glance around, and not seeing his opponent, exclaimed, without addressing any one in particular, "I thought the cowardly fool would be afraid to meet me; but if he sneaks away, perhaps one of his *friends* (with a sarcastic emphasis) will take his place."

"Here he comes himself!" cried a boy, throwing up his hat, and a general cheer announced the approach of Holy Fooks.

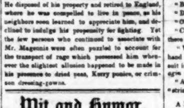
He advanced rapidly, mounted on a Kerry pony of so diminutive a size, that its rider's feet were but little raised above the ground. He was completely enveloped in an ample crimson dressing-gown, which waved and flaunted in the breeze after a singular fashion. In his right hand he bore something which had the appearance of a very long lance; but which, having both extremities covered by the extended folds of the dressing-gown, was not yet clearly visible. With his left hand he shook the bridle, and urged his tiny steed towards the spot where stood the astonished Magennis.

Whatever the latter gentleman may have thought of Mr. Fooks's costume, his mettled horse seemed to have formed his own private opinion on the subject, for no sooner did the gaudy dressing-gown flaunt beneath his eyes, than he started, shied, and began to prance in a manner which caused his rider to exclaim, with an expletive too forcible for transcription, "What's the meaning of this buffoonery? Come on, man, and meet me like a man."

"Always happy to oblige a friend," said Mr. Fooks; and suddenly throwing back the offensive garment, he raised his weapon, and shook it full in the face of his adversary. It was a long, slender pole, having at one end a distended bladder containing some dried peas. A fearful thing it looked in the eyes of Highflyer; and so appalling to his ears was the rattling noise it made, that despite the furious efforts of his master, he fairly bolted, turned tail, and galloped at full speed across the common. After him rode Fooks, shaking his rattle, and shouting, "Come back, Mr. Magennis! come back! 'tis a shame for you, man, to be afraid of a dressing-gown and a child's rattle!"

But faster and faster flew the affrighted horse, bearing his enraged master beyond the sound of the inextinguishable laughter which hailed his defeat and the bloodless triumph of Holy Fooks. The bully had not courage to return to the county and brave the merciless ridicule which awaited him. He disposed of his property and retired to England, where he was compelled to live in peace, as his neighbors soon learned to appreciate him, and declined to indulge his propensity for fighting. Yet the few persons who continued to associate with Mr. Magennis were often puzzled to account for the transport of rage which possessed him whenever the slightest allusion happened to be made in his presence to dried peas, Kerry ponies, or crimson dressing-gowns.

Wit and Humor.



THE SCRATCHED TICKET.

Some years ago, when our readers, as a general rule, were much younger than they are now, there flourished in a neighboring district an active and enthusiastic politician, named Poler, more commonly called—no doubt to distinguish him from the lesser members of the family—Big Poler. He was an important man in his party, and superintended the canvassing and elections with such an uninterrupted train of good luck, that his friends maintained the supremacy year after year, to the utter confusion and dismay of the opposition.

To be sure, the said opposition did most wickedly contend that the majorities were as much owing to the supernumerary ballots which Poler personally introduced, as to the wide-spread popularity of his political faith. Be that as it may, his own party looked upon his management as being infallible, and freely wagered, when takers could be got, upon the success of their candidates. So much was this so, that when, on an election day, towards the close of the voting, some evil-minded person poked his head out of the window and announced, "One hundred majority for the opposition!" instead of the Big un's friends being at all disconcerted, they threw up their hats triumphantly, and yelled—"*It can't be while Poler's inside!*"

The opposition had long since given up the affair as hopeless, unless they could receive the services of some agent equally efficient as Poler himself, by some mysterious contrivance, keep that renowned individual from personally interfering in the next display of the elective franchise. Accordingly, an important election being at hand, they felt sure that if they could only carry the preparatory choice for officers to conduct it, there would be some hope of retrieving their lost ground; and, in pursuance of that desire, they secured the services of a dapper little man, whose success had been great in a distant locality.

In those days, the preparatory elections for the choice of officers to conduct the more important voting were done by what they called a "scratch vote:" that is, by each voter making a mark with a pen in front of the name of his favorite candidate, on the paper where it was written.

Behold, then, the day for "scratching" arrived. Poler had been indefatigable in his arrangements, and felt assured he could parade many more men than the opposition could, under any circumstances, call together. Therefore, he and his associates were in high feather, and became extremely merry at the expense of the dapper man superintending the operations of the opposition. The sheets were properly prepared, and Poler sat behind one, the dapper little man behind the other, each offering a pen to the voters as they came up, according to the side they wished to support. As they progressed, Poler's opinion of the little man's cuteness, diminished materially on noticing that he never complained that many persons were marking Poler's card who had really no vote in the district. The day ended, and with it the voting. Poler summed up his grand total, and, with overwhelming magnificence announced an unusually large vote. The dapper man quietly added up his column, and, with unmistakeable clearness, named a figure *fifty per cent greater*. Poler's party were thunderstruck, and rushed forward impetuously to examine for themselves; but it was too true. Though they well knew that nobody but the voters had touched the paper, yet there stood the imposing array of marks which defeated them. The opposition were duly declared officers of the next election; and in due time, when it was held, they carried the district, so completely was the old party confounded by the unlooked for proceeding. Great, therefore, was the dapper little man's fame. The Poler faction gazed after him with some such mysterious dread as a child views a dark room. Tempting inducements were offered him to reveal the secret; but he was inexorably silent, even to his own party; until, at last, so great grew the excitement and public anxiety, that, go where he would, earnest inquirers followed, with tears in their eyes, beseeching the wished for explanation. But still it came not, though the day for his departure did, and an immense concourse assembled on the wharf, to make a last pathetic appeal to him. Loudly was it uttered; but still in vain; and the boat was about quitting the wharf, when a hurried movement was seen in the crowd, and an individual burst therefrom. He was dressed in very gaudy striped pants, a tight-fitting green coat, a conical-shaped white hat, and carried a large umbrella under his arm. Swinging an immense eye-glass nervously in his fingers, and with an expression of intense anxiety in his countenance, he rushed to the extreme edge of the wharf, and earnestly cried—

"*Hope I don't intrude: but now or never—how did you do it?*"

The dapper little man was about taking a quiet pinch of snuff, but leaning forward, just as the engineer's bell sounded to go ahead, he whispered, "*Why, Mr. Pry, I used a two nibbed pen!*"—*Phila. Sunday Dispatch.*

A Dog Story.—Several years ago, while travelling through New England, we stopped at a farm-house for the night. The good old-fashioned farmer gave us a hearty welcome, and after a capital supper, we gathered around the huge fire, and began talking about matters and things in general. Observing a huge dog lying before the fire, of which our host seemed proud, we said, "that is a very fine dog."

"A fine dog!" replied the farmer. "I tell you, stranger, there ain't a dog from the State of Louisiana to Maine that can go ahead of him. Why, that dog can do every thing—you mayn't believe it, but he can *talk*."

We confess that our eyes opened rather widely as we requested a description of the animal's wonderful power.

"Yes," said our host, "he can talk as good as any man, woman, or child livin'. I'll tell you about it. It's about four year, come next Spring, when I was travelin' down a foot from Portland. I'd been up a seein' about some 'truck,' and bein' unable to hire a horse, I had to walk it. I was a leetle afeard of gettin' lost, as I was unacquainted with the country. And sure enough, I *did* get lost. I was wanderin' about the woods, when I heard a great noise. I thought my time had come, and was gettin' down on my knees, when out jumped old 'Bouncer.' He walked right up to me, put his paw on my shoulder, and sez he, '*Missus' got a baby.*' I jumped, and he jumped. He skeeted, and I skeeted arter him, half out of my wits. He led the way straight to home, and there I found that my wife was the mother of a regular tarin' down critter. It's a fact."—*Yankee Blade.*

Remarkable Skill.—We can hardly credit the following story, but it has "appeared in a newspaper," the Louisville Courier, and must, of course, be true; it refers to a man robbed at a late Taylor reception:—

He was so careful of his pocket-book, that he put it into his breeches pocket, put his hand in it, and pinned up the pocket; and yet the adroit rogues while the old man was enthusiastically cheering the General, unpinned the pocket, took out his hand, abstracted the money, replaced the pocket-book, put the hand back, and pinned the pocket again without discovery.

☞ The lodgings of a dandy were lately robbed of a pair of stays, a smelling bottle, two pair of artificial eye-brows, and a white surtout, in the pocket of which there were three love-letters, written to himself in his own hand writing.

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